

UTOPIAN



SNAP SHOTS

BY

A.J. KAPPELE.

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Utopian Snapshots

By A. J. KAPPELE

Vancouver, B. C.
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS
By Evans & Hastings

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DEDICATED
TO
MY HONEST COMRADES, PAST AND PRESENT.

PREFACE

I don't know why I am writing this at all. I have no excuse to offer, and I trust sincerely that my readers, if there be any, will not ask for one.

My only object is to set down conclusions which I have arrived at during a varied though short career.

All I ask of you is that you will read carefully my attempt at authorship, and remember that all I have said I honestly believe. It may not do any good, but it cannot possibly do any harm. I do not wish to offend anyone, nor do I wish to suggest that anyone is better than anyone else. If you will remember these few statements, probably you will be more able to appreciate the humor I was in when I dictated, perhaps too hastily, in some ways, what follows.

A. J. K.

*Flack Block,
Vancouver, B. C.,
December, 1909.*

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HONESTY

“I'll prove mine honor and mine HONESTY.”

—SHAKESPEARE: “*Comedy of Errors*,” V.

“It is not HONESTY in me to speak
What I have seen.”

—SHAKESPEARE: “*Othello*,” IV., 1.

(Honesty means being right in everything to everybody.)

Most men who are honest, are honest because there is nothing else for them to be. Now, a man, to my mind, is not *proved* honest unless he has been placed in a position where his honesty has been tested. The man who has been “born with a silver spoon in his mouth” deserves no credit for being, or appearing to be, what the world would call or think, an *honest man*; while the man who, instead of being born under such

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favorable conditions, has been “up against it” ever since he went out into the world by himself to seek his fortune, and has had all kinds of hardships to meet, and temptations to overcome, and who, finally, has landed on his feet—square with the world—is, to my mind, an HONEST MAN.



It is a very simple matter for a man with a balance in the bank, and with nothing to contend against, to be “honest.”—To be really honest you first must be dishonest.



Personally, I would rather shake hands with a man whom I knew was guilty of stealing from another man, and thereby bringing himself within the provisions of the Criminal Code and liable to punishment, than with some of

Honesty

the men I know and see walking along our streets. The latter are not in jail, nor do they steal, nor have they been guilty of any offence covered by the Code, but many of them are guilty of worse things than most of the acts covered by the provisions of our Code.



Stealing, and criminal actions of a like nature, mean only *dollars and cents*, while other things, such as making or repeating nasty or contemptible statements about other people, abusing one's wife and a number of other matters not necessary to mention, are not covered by the Code. The last things that I have mentioned are obviously worse than stealing, robbery, or anything of that kind, for the reason that even the worst robber is satisfied some time that he has had enough, but on account of want of intelligence or on account of other

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things which he does not know, he comes to the conclusion that he has to steal to live. However, even then, he does not steal all the time. The other acts, however, which I have mentioned and which are not covered by the Code, are continuous and uninterrupted.



The criminal is commonly understood to be a person who brings himself within the provisions of the laws of our country, which, for the purpose of convenience, we call the Criminal Code. This, of course, is an erroneous definition of Criminal, because it must also include everyone who does anything wrong, or, following out my idea, is dishonest. Having that in view, the only conclusion that I can come to is that we are all criminals. This, perhaps, is a very large statement to make, but is, nevertheless, true. What I mean is,

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that, although some of us do things which are wrong and which are covered by the Code, all of us do things absolutely wrong which are not covered by the Code, and, therefore, we are all criminals in the *correct* sense of that word; still we escape the stigma and physical punishment which those violating the terms of the Code have to suffer.



To be more explicit, a man who does *wrong* things not covered by the Code, is not only dishonest and a criminal, but is also a coward. He is dishonest because what he does is wrong, and he is a coward because, in his case, there is no punishment for his offence.



The ordinary criminal who is in jail because he has stolen, or has committed some like offence, takes some chances.

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The man who slanders a neighbor, or who abuses his wife, *thinks* that he is taking no chance, and therefore he is a coward. I say "thinks," because in some cases, of course, he is liable.



Just here, I want to point out that a man can lock his goods and chattels up and, if he can afford it, can guard them, but no one can lock up happiness, nor honor, nor reputation.



Murder, of course, is covered by the Criminal Code, but there are many things that happen in private life which are really worse than murder, and which the Code does not and cannot possibly cover. I do not think it necessary for me to enlarge further on this particular idea. Offences covered by the Criminal Code are properly covered, and I am

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not suggesting that the Code is too stringent. It is not stringent enough. The thing I am trying to convey is that we must be better ourselves—and not think so badly of the other fellow whom we think is worse than we are ourselves.



Generally speaking, my opinion is, that, leaving out cases covered by the Criminal Code looking towards preservation of life, moral action, and common decency, we should go slowly and remember that we all have faults; some of a minor nature affecting only ourselves, and some of greater proportions affecting, not only ourselves, but our acquaintances and friends.



Further, my opinion is, that honesty does not entirely consist in “not doing things,” but also in “doing things.” No

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one has the right to think that because he has not done things which he ought not to do, he is, on that account, honest. Honesty does not arise from a passive state. To be thoroughly honest you must take the initiative—in other words, you must “do things.” Technically speaking, if a person does not do anything which could possibly injure anyone else, and does not do anything to hurt himself, he may be considered honest. Honesty, however, in the *real, true and fullest sense* of the term, means more than this. In order to be really honest, a man must not only *not do things to hurt anyone else or himself*, but he must, according to his circumstances and according to the advantages which are at his disposal, *do everything in his power to help others*. Some men think that if they do not do *mean* things they are doing *all* that an honest man

Honesty

should do. My opinion is, that a man who *does not do anything* is worse than a man who *does wrong things*. “Doing things” requires thought, and when a man thinks, he is safe. *Not* doing anything is unhealthy.



Don't think because you are able to have a *whole* automobile to *yourself* that you are as good or as happy as the man who walks with his *wife* and *children* along our streets.

Some men in the Asylum think they are someone else. They are honest. You do not think you are someone else, but you try to make people think that you are. Don't do it.



Do not be an actor unless you intend to go on the stage and make it your business, because then you do not

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deceive people, they know that it is your business; and the better actor you are, the more money you make, and in this case it is legitimate. "Play the game;" tell the truth; act the truth; do what is right.



One of our judges once apportioned property between two brothers by making one of them divide and giving the other first choice. This judge knew human nature. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to mention the fact that the two brothers never spoke to each other afterward, because each only got his proper share.



A man dies, and, before he is cold, his estate is wound up, and if there is any chance, there is a lawsuit before the time is over for wearing mourning.

Honesty

Less crape—and weeping—and more honest, decent regret for our loss would look better.



If you steal, it is wrong—and—you are liable to punishment; but remember this, that there is still *hope* for you, but not for financial corporations that never intend to return anything, and have no conscience.



I don't want to be misunderstood: you must not steal; but if you make one mistake, don't think it is all off with you—use your brains, and—don't do it again.



We ought to be judged, not by our acts, but by our temptations.

Doing good; having a poor memory concerning other people's faults; a good

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memory concerning their good qualities; "giving the Devil his due;" and spending part of each day in helping the other fellow, carries out my idea of Christianity and honesty.



A man should learn to listen, not to talk. A man never learns anything by talking, sometimes he does by listening.



Do not do things because other people may hear of it and laud you; "keep it dark," and if you are honest you will be happy. Mean men do not do things unless they can tell every one about it. If you feel that way, don't do anything.

A TEST.

Do something good, don't tell anyone—then—if you are satisfied—and happy—you are honest.



Many people give to charities

Honesty

because they are informed that their names and the amount they have subscribed will be published in the daily papers; and when they do appear in the paper, although the magnate's name appears first, don't worry about your name being last and your subscription being small, because when a record is made of this in Heaven the list is turned upside down—and you are first then—
“The last shall be first.”

Other people send flowers to dear (?) deceased friends for the same reason. Of course, wedding presents are not in this class, because the donor himself expects some day to be married.



You cannot be a perfect judge of another man's faults and weaknesses unless you have experienced the same faults and temptations.



Do not stick your chest out when at

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heart you are a cad. Do not pad your shoulders. Be clean yourself; true to yourself; and the rest will follow.



Do not be afraid to confess to wrong thoughts and deeds. A man is a coward morally and intellectually when he is ashamed to admit doing things that we all know all men do.

Do not wear a mustache because you have a weak mouth. Do not wear clean linen and forget to wash—much better be clean and wear dirty linen.



Experience is everything; you learn more by making mistakes than by always doing things correctly. The first is an incident; the latter a coincidence.

Being thoroughly honest is being what God meant us to be. Some people think that being honest is what man

Honesty

says they have to be. (Criminal Code.)



Pat met a friend one day, who said to him: "Will you have a drink?" Pat answered: "Begorra, I know a hundred reasons why I should not, but I can't think of one of them now." Then, of course, he had the drink—and—Pat was *honest*.



Good workmanship is the highest type of honesty, for the reason that it is easy for a man who is a mechanic—to deceive the public. It is much easier for a man who is a skilled mechanic to turn out articles, although good, which are inferior to what he could turn out than for a tradesman to give short measures and weights, or to sell diseased canned goods. Therefore, I say, good workmanship is the highest type of honesty.

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Show me a mechanic who does his best all the time, and I will show you a man who does not beat his wife or talk about his neighbors.



Show me a man who puts poor material in a house and covers it over with plaster and sells it for more than it is worth, and I will point out to you a man who has bad material in his own composition, but with him the difficulty is that the plaster is too thin and you can see the teredo and worm-eaten slats out of which he is constructed.



Don't think because you have a large house and give "evenings" and "five o'clock teas" that you are better than the butler who waits on you.



When you acquire money, if your name *was* "Smith," don't print your

Honesty

cards — — — “Smythe.” Don’t waste printer’s ink in trying to deceive your superiors—you can’t deceive; of course you can pay for your ink.



Don’t sit up all night figuring out how you can go one better than your neighbor who has an “honest” husband—better engage a tutor and learn that the verb “to be” takes the same case after it as it does before it.

Please don’t say “it is me” just because you are wearing a sealskin jacket purchased by your husband’s employees.

Don’t say “was you” and then tell your “would-be friend” how awfully common some one else is.



Some people think it clever to ride on our tram cars,—dodge the conductors

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—and tell about it afterward. These people are the most despicable of dishonest people. The offence, to my mind, becomes greater as the amount involved becomes less. Robbing a bank; issuing counterfeit money, and things of this nature require brains and nerve. In cases of this kind a “dishonest” person has to overcome the best brains money can procure. Our banks have all the protection which money and brains can give them. Stealing five cents from our railroads, however, or stealing an innocent umbrella lying unprotected in a hat-rack, requires no brains and no nerve and—no chance is being taken.



Real estate men, owing to the business they are in, if clever, necessarily become familiar and conversant with the values of the property in the district in which they are operating.

Honesty

How many, however, when a client comes to them and lists his property for \$3,000, are honest enough to say it is worth \$5,000? None—well—very few. If a lawyer “dished” out his brains in the same cold-blooded, dishonest and criminal manner, he would last about a week—and then—go to jail.

Real estate agents had better become honest soon—or—our jails will be full—I mean this.



It is a pity that rain is the cause of so many dishonest men—umbrella thieves. Of course rain is necessary—but Nature must sometimes blush for all the dishonesty she develops in human kind.



Doctors *sometimes* tell the truth and send their *well* patients home; sometimes they tell the truth and worry a sick man into his grave.

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Don't be afraid to tell a falsehood if it is going to do someone good and hurt no one. In such a case the Recording Angel debits you with a pencil mark easily erased, and, at the same time, credits you with a good act in indelible ink.

It is much better for a physician to tell all his patients that they are well—and, in most cases, he would be only telling the truth—in the few other cases—he is helping them to become well.



Ninety per cent. of all medical cases are *bogus*. Of course some people would not believe you if you told them they were well, or that they were not sick. However, if someone has to be dishonest—let the “other fellow” be.



Some rich men—now old—commit

Honesty

the crime of chicanery by trying to bribe the “jury” they will have to face in a few years. I refer to men who establish public libraries with their name on the front door, and to men who leave vast fortunes to establish homes for homeless and sick dogs. They are all “dishonest,” and—in their “second childhood” have developed a sad sort of insanity.

The best I can do is to quote from our Criminal Code:—“may God have mercy on their souls.” These men know they have squandered too much to pay back all they have stolen,—that accounts for the libraries, hospitals and other huge monuments—to themselves.



Any man who would “deliberately” dodge a conductor to save five cents, would steal candy from a child or coins “off a dead man’s eyes,” if he were really “up against it.” “Don’t be an

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ass because you have long ears,” and hear everything about other people’s affairs and nothing about your own. Some people are very careful to be honest about other people’s faults, but lie themselves “black in the face” about themselves.

“Get busy”—reverse the order of things—be honest about your own faults—stretch a point when talking about other people—say nice things about them—or—don’t talk at all.



A man whose occupation brings him into touch with “dirty” things, soon becomes “dirty.” A man who is dealing and associating with honest people and things, should become honest himself—“Evil communications corrupt good manners.”



Men who black ball men whom they

Honesty

do not know in the Club, are cads—sometimes known as remittance men, otherwise—black sheep who have no brains—and are paid by their honest, decent, intelligent parents or younger brothers to stay away from home. Poor Canada, becoming the “dumping ground” for such unpedigreed curs! Sometimes a dog which would have difficulty in tracing its family tree makes an actor and does many clever tricks; these men, however, cannot claim this distinction.



Get wise and try and forget you came of a “good old stock”—for your ancestors’ sakes. Do not say you are a Duke’s son, and walk the streets with patent leather shoes with no socks in them.



Do not wear an eye-glass on *rainy*

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days just because decent women try to keep their skirts clean. Do not get young girls in trouble and “lawf”—a thirty-two is what you want. “Twenty-three” is good—but a smokeless thirty-two is better.



Learn to look honest men in the face. When you cannot—either consult a physician or a lawyer—or—better still, the superintendent of some well-equipped lunatic asylum.



Don't drag a “good dog” by a chain—because “Evil communications corrupt good manners”—and—‘God help the dog!’ Do not borrow money and tell your friends you have a cheque coming next week—when you know you owe enough to wipe out your remittances for the rest of your dirty career.

Honesty

Be decent; have a little respect for yourself, for your parents and people—who—unfortunately, have to sit opposite you at the dinner table and watch you eat like a pig—with your knife. Do not butt in for a drink—rather go to some honest, decent “good fellow” and he will “give” you a “V” if you are clean and don’t tell him you are the son of some “lord.”



To add to my definition of honesty at the beginning, the result which I now arrive at is,—an honest man is a man who, first having sufficient intelligence to appreciate his duty toward himself and others, does all in his power to achieve the end that is right. A balance in the bank is no certificate of honesty.

WOMAN

“And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from the man, made he a WOMAN.”

Genesis, II., 2.

There are two classes of women, good and bad. There is also another class which may be termed “unfortunate.” This latter class includes both of the first two classes. Good women should remember this, and, if possible, *help*.

“Honest men” do more good for the “good” women of the “unfortunate” class than “good women” do.

Good women should get busy and “do things.”

A fallen man or an ex-convict can get work; an unfortunate woman,—God help her! so far as her “good” sisters are concerned.

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Enough said! Good women have a lot of good work to do. Get busy!



I once heard of a woman of the lowest type of humanity who, hearing of a poor family in distress, handed \$25 to an agent of hers to relieve the family in question from their distress. Of course, being *honest* she did not tell who she was, and today the family relieved at that time are prosperous and do not know that they owe their prosperity to what I would call a very low type of an immoral woman.



No woman was ever yet so good that she could not be better.



The *worst*, as a rule, may become the *best*—if—the *best* are good and kind to the *worst*,—think—and—Act.

GOOD FELLOWS

“Though he did not draw the GOOD FELLOWS to him by drinking, yet he eat well.”

—CLARENDON.

Good fellows are men of many parts, most of them good, some of them foolish, but none of them bad.

Men who are not “good fellows” are men of few parts, hard to describe, hard to meet, hard to “shake,” and difficult to get along with.

A good girl will live happily with a “good fellow;” and be miserable all her life,—if she is square,—or get a divorce, if she marries a “good man.”



Good men “happen”—but—they do not exist; “good fellows” live.

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If I am the head of a house and have a sister or daughter, I will endorse a “good fellow” for a husband for her.

If he be only a “good man,” who does not smoke, or drink, and who carries his Bible under his arm (in sight), I will look for weaknesses not pinned on his coat. He is, to my mind, no good, and dangerous.

Experience is the test.

“Good fellows” are the result of a large expenditure of money—on other people. Other people are composed of “good fellows” and “fellows.” “Fellows” are, after all, only a source of amusement to “good fellows”—this is true. Spend all your money on him and then when he gets rich—he doesn’t know you—you ought to be glad.—You *are* glad.

MONEY

"To heap enormous riches, HONESTLY if he can."

—KNOX: "*Winter Evenings*."

"Get MONEY; still get MONEY, boys;
No matter by what means."

—BEN JONSON: "*Every Man in His Humor*," II., 3.

Money breeds germs of dishonesty, immorality, and every known vice. It is dangerous to handle, easy to get and hard to get rid of.

Mean men are more often the result of successful money-making than of hardship. A man really has to be mean to make money. He has to look at the five-cent pieces, and when a man is continually looking at small things he soon becomes small himself. Every time he makes a dollar the other fellow loses one. It is a good game, but *poor people*

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should not be forced into it by selling them shares in bogus companies, and by paying them less than they earn while working for the “dealer.” A man is always worth what he can make; he should be paid for what he *does*. Results count—and the employer should pay, *not* what the poor fellow *will take*, but *what he is entitled to*.



The richer a man gets the meaner he becomes and the further away he gets from true happiness. One fortunate thing is, that when a man gets richer, he has to look for bigger fish, so really all we do is to give him his start.



Making money becomes a disease, and when one is diseased—there is something wrong. He forgets, in his bad attacks, that the other fellow has a disease, too, but that his is an ailment

Money

of ill-health brought on by overwork and want of proper nourishment.



Some people think that because they have not spent anything, and in that way have become rich, they are better and more honest than a grocer, for instance, who does not put sand in his sugar, or a milkman who leaves the adulteration to the "honest" cow. In fact, rich men ought to be afraid of their future state if these two men are on the jury which some day they will have to face.



The only really *good thing* money accomplishes is when money meets money and there is a "knock out."



Money spoils professional men. Instead of lawyers and doctors taking

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their enjoyment out of the sometimes intricate and complex cases which come before them, many lose sight of the real idea and prostitute their profession by taking up cases which should not be brought, and by refusing to take up cases which ought to be brought, because there is no *money* in sight.



Ambulance “chasers” cannot last, and are *dishonest*. Better kick a man out of your office than pull him in. Make people come to you—don’t go to them. Clients “caught” sometimes wake up, and then you *lose*.

Most men do not like having ideas forced upon them. If you are a good man and a clever physician or lawyer, don’t tell anyone that; they will find it out—slow but sure.

Of course if you are clever enough to force your opinions without the other

Money

men knowing it (like a card sharp)—don't do it. A man who "does" the other fellow because he has more brains is dishonest.



Don't break up families for the sake of costs; point out their mistakes and cement friendship.



A friend of mine once asked concerning another "man" if he had any money, and the answer which I was forced to give was that "he has all he ever saw." Figure this out for yourself.

This is very much like a man who was proud to state that "he never refused a drink in his life but once, and that time he did not hear the other fellow ask him to have it."



"Gentlemen" play poker, and be-

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cause sometimes they lose they tell each other truths, and then there is trouble. I am sorry for this class of men, but you all know them—if you don't, join some of our clubs.



Some shallow, small, narrow-minded, dishonest men will take you out to dinner and then insure your life or sell you the poor end of a “goat” farm. Sometimes, even, you do not get the dinner, and the victim is a poor girl earning her living in a store and supporting her widowed mother.

Sometimes you list your property with a real estate agent to sell, and he buys it himself through a dummy, and sells the same day at a large profit—to himself.

Some men buy things on credit, sell them for cash,—and then assign.

Money

Other men transfer all their property to their wives or a friend, and then jump into business, incur all kinds of liabilities and—go into liquidation.

Some *clever* men borrow money at 6 per cent., giving the poor, *conservative fellow* a mortgage on the property, which he buys to secure repayment. “Heads I win; tails you lose.”

A “poor” man dies and everyone misses him, because he became poor by being a “good fellow.” A rich man dies, and the only people who are sorry are those left out of his will.

Poor men do not have to be introduced to their children,—they see them occasionally, and their neighbors *know how many there are in the family*. Rich men often do not know their children, and sometimes have to be introduced.

The worst feature of money is that once you have sufficient you have a code

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(criminal) of your own. The only section of the Criminal Code left then is the section referring to culpable homicide, and even that section “Thaws” before the hellish heat of the power of money.



The richer a man becomes so is he the more immune from punishment, and the poorer a man becomes, the more readily the police get busy, and the more unjust judgments are handed down by small-salaried and inexperienced magistrates, who, not having any knowledge of human weaknesses, are not fitted to act as judges in the kind of cases that come before them—or at all.



Money disbursed for experience is a good investment.

Most men who drink have brains and are generally thoroughly honest, but

Money

few of the men who arrest the drunkard and send him down, or fine him \$2.50, and costs, have any.

I have thought it might be better sometimes if the fine were divided between the man who imposes the penalty and the officers who arrest (the drunkard), because then they might soon be in a position to buy something which they, apparently, have not previously had, namely, experience.

If you are a solicitor or doctor, do not let your client or patient make you dishonest. Do not be afraid to send him somewhere else. Some men have such a small sense of honor that through association, if you are not careful, you will soon become dishonest and poor as well.

A man can always play his own game better than the other fellow's.

Everyone knows a lawyer makes a

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poor business man, and when a lawyer proves himself a good business man—watch him—and consult another solicitor.

Do not work for nothing if the other man *can afford* to pay. Make him be honest and pay. Do not let him defraud you; rather, send him to another solicitor.

I am not a Socialist,—in fact,—if my arguments are followed carefully, you will see that I absolutely and honestly think that we ought to feel thankful that we do not belong to what I call the “rich class.”

Be poor, and, when you have lived to a comfortable, healthy old age, die with your children around you, rather than be a lonely millionaire with five expert physicians prolonging your miserable, unhealthy existence, only to die leaving your estate to distant relatives,

Money

because you have been too busy to provide yourself with an heir; and then it is not over, for you certainly have settlements to make later, and the more money you have accumulated, the longer it will take you to square yourself.

Be glad if you are poor and healthy; be sorry for the rich man; and envy no man.

Give what you have, let the other fellow keep what he has, and you will be happy.

“Money talks.” This is an old saying—it does—but it is dirty talk—and when the money goes—so does the talk. In this case brains and money are married; that is, when it talks, but, unfortunately, when money goes there is no divorce, and brains must go with it.



PLUTOCRAT—One who has power or influence through his wealth.

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PLUTONIAN—Of or pertaining to Pluto, or the “lower regions,” subterranean, dark, Hell. This last is true but not a quotation.

PLUTOCRATS—Rich men — donators of libraries and other useless and uneatable things. (Don’t talk about or give anything you can’t eat.) Think it over—you have brains—but put your head under a clean tap and think clean thoughts.



BUSINESS MEN

"Pastime and BUSINESS both it should exclude."

—COWPER: "*Progress of Error*."

"Again the merely PROFESSIONAL man is always a narrow man."

—BURROUGHS: "*Pepacton*," p. 30.

They have nothing to do but make money. It is their business. They cannot possibly do any good for anyone else or for themselves unless it is accomplished through the influence of the money which they accumulate. No one goes to them for advice; no one consults them; all they do is buy and sell—commercial transactions. In this respect business men are to be pitied, because they are not in touch with human nature, and, therefore, do not know what real happiness is.

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A laborer never has any money, nor has he any great ambition to become wealthy, for the simple reason that he is too busy earning his three meals a day to think of money or the worries attached to it. Strange to say, however, the laborer with his large family knows more about true happiness than the millionaire. If this fact could be properly appreciated, socialistic ideas would soon vanish.



The really *poor* chap is not, as a rule, the man who is no good. A man without brains could never come under this heading. If a man has no brains and no ambition, he will not hesitate to use a pick and shovel and thereby make his three meals a day. The really poor man is a man who was born, not to be poor, but to be prosperous, but who, through some unfortunate circumstance, or

Business Men

through some special weakness, has lost his grip, and, by degrees, his manhood, and finally winds up a "poor man."

There are many men today who are poor, who have more brains and more ability than their neighbor who is rich, and all they want is a helping hand—mere temporary relief—and, in a short time, they could lend money to their neighbor. To illustrate this: I once knew a man who formed a habit of requesting small loans. On one occasion he asked for a quarter and I gave him half a dollar, informing him that the half dollar was twenty-five cents for this time and twenty-five cents for the next time. Needless to say, he never came back for another loan, but started thinking, and today he is a prosperous man.



Be human to the other fellow, get him thinking, for once a man's brain is

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working, he is safe. No man ever yet was a failure whose brain was really active. As long as his brain is working, no matter how inferior his brain may be, he cannot be an absolute failure, and the only limit to the extent of his success is the limit of his brain power.



Worry has spoiled more men than disease, and ninety per cent. of all worry could be removed, without any cost, by a man's friends. Do not think for a minute, because everything looks rosy, that you will always be in a position to tell the other fellow that you "haven't been introduced to him." One honest man is as good as another. Honesty is the test—not your business, profession or calling. Your nationality does not count; your origin has nothing to do with it; your color makes no difference;

Business Men

—if you are right and square and above-board and honest—don't worry.



We are all actors. We all pretend to be what we are not, and the only thing that saves us is that we are all "in the same box," and we all know it. We are all dishonest the same as we are all, in a sense, crazy, but the only thing that keeps us all out of the lunatic asylum is that we are all "in the same box." When a man is sent to a lunatic asylum it is because he gets worse than the rest of us, and then we say he is "crazy." This condition applies the same to our sense of honesty. If it were possible to imagine ten per cent. of any community to be thoroughly honest—the other ninety per cent. would be in jail. Following this out logically then, the only conclusion that one can come to is, *be as honest as you can (not as you can afford to be).*

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A TOAST TO OUR CREDITORS.

Here's to our creditors, long may they
reign;

May their face ne'er waver, their trust
never wane;

May the Lord make them gentle and
gracious and gay,

Yet quick to resent the least offer to
pay;

May He soften their hearts as he soften-
ed, we're told,

To the Israelites' touch the Egyptian of
old;

And when on their last long account
they shall look,

The Angels will say, as they close up
their book:—

The Lord gives you credit for credit
you gave,

So here's to our creditors, long may
they waive!

Business Men

I have never met one yet who would not take interest on an overdue account if the other fellow offered to pay it. But most of them kick when they get a bill from a solicitor or doctor for brains—delivered. Even your wealthy friends will do this—I hope mine will read this.

Business men are very unfortunate. Of course a business man *can* be honest and do things, but his opportunities are not as great as those of a lawyer or doctor.

What monetary consideration can pay for the saving of life or an eye or a limb? What monetary consideration can square an account in regard to an honest solicitor who keeps husband and wife and children together, instead of accepting a retainer to divide the house and ruin the children's future.

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A laborer is happy because he is healthy. He has no time to talk about his neighbors or friends. Talking is a bad habit, because when one gets through talking about his own affairs he is apt to seek new fields and begin discussing matters concerning other people.



NATURE

“One touch of NATURE makes the whole world kin.”

—SHAKESPEARE: “*Troilus and Cressida*,” III., 3.

Nature is correct always—she never makes mistakes; is always on hand and always performs her duties and functions; and everything in nature does everything to help mankind to be good.

The closer you get to Nature, the more honest you become; in other words—try to be what God meant you to be; do not act.

The only time Nature goes astray is when we try to improve on her.

Be healthy; be honest; and do not worry about the man who meets you to-day and tomorrow passes you on the street. Let the other man worry, because there is something wrong with him, not with you.

JUDGES

“Judges ought to remember, that their office is *JUS DICERE*, and not *JUS DARE*; to interpret law, and not to make law, or give law.”

—BACON: “*Essay of Judicature*.”

“A perfect Judge will read each piece of wit, with the same spirit that its author writ.”

—POPE: “*Essay on Criticism*,” 233.

Judges are not made. They are born, but then—they have to get busy and learn things.

Judges dealing with civil cases only, do not have to know much—they cannot hurt anyone very much—excepting through their pockets, which is the least harm they can do to litigants. This is fortunate.



Criminal judges, however, are different. There are not many criminal judges, and therefore they are hard to

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get (because they are clever and experienced), and when you get a good criminal judge—keep him. Pay him more than any judge on the bench dealing with civil cases only, because, in his case, he deals with life and liberty. Judges generally are not fit to hear criminal proceedings; they do not know enough; they try to be honest, and fail because of lack of experience.

Better by far pick your man, pay him a good salary and let him act on criminal cases only.

Our system is open to the most severe criticism, and some day the country will wake up and my idea will be carried into effect.

BANKERS

“Whole droves of lenders crowd the BANKERS’ doors,
To call in money.”

—DRYDEN.

In a way these men are in a class by themselves, although in some respects they are likened unto men working for other large corporations. As a rule they enter into the banking business when they are very young and stay there until they are old—in other words, they become a part of the institution they work for. They do things for the institution which they would not do for themselves—what I mean by this is, they do mean things—small things, and contemptible things, which if they were requested to do in their own private affairs they *would not do*—I know what I

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am talking about. The whole trouble is that bankers—from the manager down—become wedded to the institution through the habit of being there, and finally get into what is commonly known as a “rut.” Good men generally get out of a rut. A rut is a bad place for a man to be in. If he is a good man, he will get out, and when he is out he knows he is out. Men should remember that while it is very easy to walk on a level or roll down a hill, it takes a certain amount of physical exertion to climb or get out of a rut. The words themselves suggest action. A man who stays in a bank is a man who, to my mind, is not capable of vigorous action or moral courage—in other words, he is afraid to face the world on his own merits and is happy in his own little world, in his own little way, because he draws his salary regularly—knows that

Bankers

he is sure of a *job* so long as he is willing to do the dirty work which bankers, as well as other men in large corporations, have to do.

Some of our bankers visit our city clubs regularly to see what their clients are doing and how they are conducting themselves. They had far better stay at home and read and learn something.



Some of our bankers are very conceited. A conceited man is always a man of little or no intelligence. So soon as a man thinks he is better than the other fellow, I prefer to meet the other man. A really intelligent man of experience knows he is only a "unit," and never yet have you seen him pass a friend on the street, pretending to be looking at something in a store window where ladies' costumes are in evidence. A conceited fop is not intelligent—he is

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not honest—moreover he is a man “low born,” as they call it in Germany—thinks he is “it”—acts like a school boy in his first long trousers or a stiff hat—in other words, he is narrow and a “stiff.”

Bankers are a poor class of humanity. Bank clerks sometimes find themselves out and—get out. The fact remains that most of the clerks in the banks today are young men—why? Simply because they would not be there if they were not young and inexperienced. When a man gets experience and common sense he resigns.

The man who resigns from a bank generally has more brains than the manager. The ordinary manager does not resign, because he would be in the poor-house if he did—unless depositors or shareholders have been paying him an annuity.

Bankers

Of course this latter class are criminals in the strictest sense of the term, and while some of them do land in jail, unfortunately some of them don't.

Bankers are here today—tomorrow they are “there,” and when they die—well—honest people don't see them again.

The honest man wants an overdraft—the poor “slave” of a local manager says “No.”

He has no authority or mind of his own; in fact, he has no mind. If he had he would not be there.

How many managers of our banks have any power?—very few. They walk on the street like “managers of a bank”—they look the part—act the part—but they are bogus, like bogus coin.

If a man be honest and can be the head of a banking institution, the position which he would then fill would be

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a good one, because it requires brains; in fact, he is the bank.

Sometimes you apply to your bank for a loan. You are referred to the bank manager, and, of course, after enquiring into your early history—how many children you have—how much property you have, and when you intend to pay—he requests you to call tomorrow, when he says he will give you an answer. Of course, you are much better than he is, even when you went into the bank, but still you thank him, and you try to make him believe he knows something and is conferring on you a favor—of course, you don't mean it—if you are intelligent. Next day you call in to the bank and you are informed by the bank manager that he is sorry that he cannot accommodate you, because he has received a wire—from a \$50 a month clerk at the head office of

Bankers

the bank—to the effect that “our policy is changed.”

Our Government should take this up at the periodical revision of the Banking Act.

In conclusion, all I wish to say is, that bank managers should remember that 90 per cent. of the men who come in to see them are “honest” and more intelligent than they are, and also, that the fact that they are employed on a small salary to do dirty work and to misjudge human nature does not give them the right or privilege of insulting and being high handed with decent, honest and intelligent men.

“Bank” and “bench” were originally the same word. Then, it follows that a “shelf” is in the same category; a shelf being a *high* bench—in other words, a man in a bank is “on the shelf.” This term is used when you put

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things away to lose—otherwise not worth discussing.

Sometimes “bench” or “bank” means a piece of ground rising above the rest and constituting a long acclivity, or an elevation of some other form. In most cases a bank means “dirt” situated high—looking down—but—“dirt.”



SOCIETY

“Society became interested, and opened its ranks to welcome one who had just received the brevet of ‘Man of Letters’.”

—HAYWARD: “*Letters*,” *I ch.*, 2.

Very peculiar, absolutely dishonest, all poor acting off the stage, full of lies, conceit—and—money. Gossip runs rampant—slander fills the tea cups, and sometimes men disgrace their sex by becoming professional sandwich and cake rustlers. For God’s sake, let us be men and women, and try and realize that the best man is the man with brains and not the man with a stiff hat, or a weak mouth scarcely concealed by a light mustache, nor the man who has his face massaged or his nails manicured twice a day. Be decent and sensible, and, of course, honest. Take a bath like a Christian; cut your nails yourself; hold your own hands—because—sometimes

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men of your class need their hands held—but not by decent women. Don't be a fake—don't think because you have stolen a bank account that you are good enough to lace a decent and honest man's shoes.

Too many people spend too much money on too much gear, in order to steal their way into a class to which they do not belong.

What the word "society" means, no one knows. A good, intelligent and honest man does not have to steal anything—everything comes to him—and probably, after all, the true interpretation of the word "society" is "a class of people, intelligent, decent and honest, who are, on that account, in a class by themselves—a small class." This is probably the reason why they say that "society" is a "select class," because it is "small." According to this interpretation of

Society

society, the class is *small*, unfortunately, because there are so few people who could justify it. However, judging from the ordinary acceptation of the word, "society" does mean this, and is comprised of men and women who *know nothing* and *are nothing*, but who *have something*—that is—money. This is all they have, and they may and will keep it, because the money is dirty, and honest people are clean.

Be good and pay your tailor before you buy a frock-coat.

Get busy—read intellectual books by intellectual men—learn to be clean—dress decently—lock up your silk hat and your patent leather shoes, and forget about everything except being honest.

This is all true—so get busy and worry—worry is good for you—sometimes.

TRADE UNIONS AND STRIKES

“Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave.”

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Perhaps I *am* bold in discussing this matter—I know I am bold—in trying to. Someone will have to be bold and discuss it some day.

Unions are good things. In the ordinary language, a “union” means “a pearl of great beauty and value;” sometimes it means “the state of being united,” or “conjunction,” “coalition.” Again it means “concord.” At any rate, in all senses of the word, it means strength. In other words, unions are good things. They are not good, however, unless they have for their object

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—good things. If the idea of a union is to get something for nothing, then there is something wrong with the union. No unions have been formed with any ostensible objects but those of unity and strength, and to insure equalization of rights. Unfortunately, however, for the class of men who find it necessary, or expedient, to form unions, there is always a very small class which is superior to the rest of the members of the union, but which is too lazy to do the work which the legitimate members of the union have to perform—these men are the cause of many of our strikes. They could not earn an honest living with a pick or shovel, with a trowel, saw, hammer, anvil or with any other instrument of toil.

Be honest in all your thoughts, and it will hurt you when you discover that in some of the most serious strikes to

Trade Unions and Strikes

which our different countries have been subjected, the “men behind the guns” have been men of licentious and immoral habits, “smooth” hands, *long* fingers and perverted brains. Be a strong believer in a man’s rights. Every man is entitled to get what he earns, but not what he can *get*. Wake up! It is a very simple matter to get what is coming to you. Go about it in the right way; do not let the other fellow think for you—particularly when he is a “crook.” Think for yourself; do for yourself; get busy; act. Put your “labor” leaders where they belong; “hang them up,” and you will find that the ordinary crow, which is supposed to be a scavenger, won’t touch him. Do not be like sheep led by a shepherd—who—in your case—has—“horns.”

Many strikes are proper—not only proper, but advisable. In many in-

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stances it is absolutely necessary for a laborer to use this form of persuasion. He should not have to, but should be able to get what is coming to him without placing his own and his family's future in jeopardy.

This subject cannot be disposed of here; it is too broad, but think it over—use your brains—and think! Don't imagine, because you use a pick and shovel, that you are not as good or better—than the professional man who does not speak to you and who wears a tall hat—sometimes a silk one—and nothing under it.

Don't be a fool—you can buy them all out—and still have a balance in the bank—which “belongs” to you. Get busy and think—it will not hurt you—sometimes it does, but it is only because you are using a force or muscle you have not exercised—keep going—think

Trade Unions and Strikes

—use your brains—and—don't worry about the other fellow—worry about yourself. Your blue jeans are better than the best broadcloth that money can purchase—*they* are the trademark of “honesty” and just dealing.

Your dark hands are clean in comparison with the manicured hands of many men with whom we “have to” (but should not) shake hands. Your sweat-grimed face is honest, be it from stoke hole, mine or workshop.



THE MAN WHO DRINKS

"He's in the third degree of DRINK, he's drowned : go look after him."

—SHAKESPEARE: "*Twelfth Night*," I., 5.

"In the mind of a TEMPERATE person, all lieth plaine and even on everie side ; nothing there but quietness and integrity."

—P. HOLLAND: "*Plutarch*," p. 54.

This is a very difficult subject to handle. Doctors know nothing about it—as doctors—some of them do because they drink. How can you discuss anything you know nothing about? Still our wives and other women discuss it and advise us.

Do not preach temperance—rather force a man to drink, and make him think and use his brains, and the difficulty is over.

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A man who uses his brains will never become a drunkard—of course you must *have* brains. This is why Indians and men of low intelligence cannot stand intoxicating liquors.

A man who drinks is a good kind of man to meet, because his bad habit teaches him to forget—he does not want to remember and—does not. One of the worst kind of men you can meet is the man you have spent the night with, and who comes around the next morning to find out, if possible, what happened and recall many instances which you have long since forgotten. Of course he does not remember—neither do you. A poor memory, in this case, stands to your credit.

I really like to meet a drunken man, because *in vino veritas*, and sometimes it saves you a lot of trouble and *dinners* finding him out. Some men say, “Oh,

The Man Who Drinks

well, he was full—forget about it.” I say—“He certainly was full, and I am going to remember about it.” The trouble is—when a man is full or under the influence of liquor, he is honest. Some men cannot afford to be honest, and, therefore, should not drink. Get full and be honest!

You are much better off if intoxicated and honest, than sober and a crook.

A man cannot be a successful drinker unless he be honest, because, when drunk, his associates soon find out his true character, and, if he is no good and has no money, one “drunk” is all he gets. Do you follow me?

Wise women ought to be happy that their husbands cannot find the keyhole sometimes—so long as they afterwards find it without the help of a kind (?) friend who brings him home and—

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tells everyone about it. Think it over. If I were a woman and attempted to get married—give me a man with a flask in his pocket—*with brains*—rather than the imbecile with the latest edition of the Bible in his hand. The Bible, after all, is a collection of experiences—not ideas. Read your Bible again and you will find that all the men in the Bible are men who had “experience.”

“Gold cures” and sanitarium devices are only fit for a man who has no brains. One thing is absolutely certain, that no habit can be cured by outside help. If you cannot do it yourself—give it up. But you can cure it if you *think* instead of letting the other man think for you. Taking the Gold Cure makes a man weaker—because he admits to himself that he cannot stop drinking and seeks assistance—and “brains” elsewhere, instead of using his own brains and mak-

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ing up his mind that he *can* stop if he wants to. My own opinion is, that a man who does not stop drinking when he knows he is becoming addicted to the habit, is a man who does not want to stop it. Stop yourself—do not let anyone give you advice—be honest with yourself.

Men who drink come under different headings: some are continuous drinkers and are sometimes called “habitual” drinkers. These men, so long as they use their heads, will not hurt themselves; their stomachs, however, will suffer sometimes. Other men are known as “periodicals;” in other words, they do not drink anything intoxicating for a certain period—and—then drink everything in sight for a short time—or—until their stomachs play out and they finish their few *pleasant* days in the hospital or at some hot springs to

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get in shape for another round later on.

If Scotch is too strong for you—try rye; if rye brings biliousness, don't take it—try beer; if beer overcomes you—sell your shares in the brewery,—try ginger ale and “bitters”—really the worst of all—but “temperate”—and wind up by being a man with brains and common sense. Don't eat more than your system can decently dispose of—learn to be able to drink like a gentleman.

A lot of men drink because they are worried. Of course it is quite true that some men do not have to be worried—particularly if they want a drink. However, speaking seriously, if good men with money really wanted to accomplish good in the world, I don't mind telling them that they can do so by taking a little more interest in the drunkard and finding out his trouble and removing

The Man Who Drinks

the trouble. In many cases a few dollars will do it.

Our present system, however, is, instead of helping the poor drunkard, to call him up in the Police Court and fine him. Of course the fine does not help his trouble, because most of our troubles are want of money—not having too much; so that, after all, the poor drunkard whom we fine, under the erroneous idea that we are thereby helping him and the public in general, is kept a drunkard by the negligence of magistrates—a fact which I have had occasion to refer to before. By organizing a charitable institution, having for its object the discovery of a reason for drinking and, when possible, relieving the mind of the man who drinks, good work could be done, and the “temperance” talk would be forgotten. You cannot force your opinions on men who

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know more than you do. So, if you have a heart and sympathize with the drunkard, and if you can afford it, help him out of his trouble. It is a peculiar thing, but, as a rule, a man who drinks is a man with brains, intelligence and a big heart. He has the brains, but, unfortunately, he does not use them, because, if he did, he would not do what he does.

Of all bad habits I know—Gossip is the worst. Of course men gossip some—and when they do, their case is a very sad and bad one. I know women do not gossip—at least—I hope not. But give me in preference to one who gossips—a drunkard. More harm has been done through gossip than through any of the other habits and weaknesses to which women fall heir. Some people will say, “Oh, well, he drinks,” and then go and tell their neighbor that “Mrs. ——’s

The Man Who Drinks

hat was made over from last year, because" she "recognized one of the feathers." Do not envy your neighbor; be glad that she is happy and comfortable and you will be happy and comfortable yourself.

If you find that, on account of time on your hands, you have to do something, do not gossip—take to drink, because, in this case, although you may hurt yourself physically, you are not hurting anyone else. Drink, for a very bad habit, is one of the best habits to have, because it is peculiar in its effect. Although a bad habit, it makes good men—so long as the habit does not master the man.

Get busy and think, and, if you cannot help talking about other people, keep eating and drinking all the time, and then you cannot talk. Of course I am not referring to the class of people

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who tell “confidential” friends something, and say, “Of course you will not repeat this, because I do not like to say anything nasty about him.” When you say this you try to fool yourself. What you really mean is, if you are honest,—“I am telling you this and I want you to tell everyone you know.” Of course, as a matter of fact, the listener is just as bad a man as the one who tells the story, and would tell everyone anyway—and—does.

Why not operate and remove the “thirst nerve?” The drunkard certainly has an inflamed nerve which requires looking after—same with the man who over-eats. Sometimes we call it “habit”—it is not—it is a diseased nerve—or a spoiled nerve. Spoil anything or any person and it or he is—no good. Do not become spoiled—keep fresh and clean.

THE WATER WAGON

“One of the wheels of the WAGON wherein I was break, so that by that means the other WAGONS went afore.”

—HACKLUYT: “*Voyages*,” II., 484.

Of course this expression is only understood by “good fellows.” The meaning of the term is, that sometimes a man who drinks, after using his brains, makes up his mind that he should not drink, and he gets on what is called the “water wagon.” The “water wagon,” of course, is known to us all. I do not know who manufactured this term, but it is a good one, because water wagons are big things and are hard to climb on. They are different from coupés—coupés are very comfortable and easy to get into with a low step, and when you get in and the door

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is shut you cannot get out until the driver gets down and lets you out. The water wagon has no cover; it is big and clumsy; full of water and uncomfortable. As a rule, water wagons have no place to put the whip—the coupé has a receptacle for the whip—and the whip does not, as a rule,—drop.

Good, brainy, honest men sometimes get on the “water wagon;” they have a hard time climbing on to the seat by stepping on the axle—the top of the wheel—and the dashboard, and pulling themselves up by the rail which usually surrounds the seat. These men are intelligent, brainy men, and they try their best to get there. Sometimes they fall off; other times the whip drops and they get off to pick it up; this, of course, is dangerous, for sometimes they do not get back on the seat;—sometimes the roads are muddy and slippery, and as a

The Water Wagon

man gets off the seat, he slips. Sometimes the weather is cold and the roads frosty and full of ruts, and when a man gets off he gets into a hole; he does not stay there, however, because he is a good man and intelligent; he gets out all right—sometimes he is scratched and bruised, and sometimes he gets a little dirty, but, being an honest man and healthy, his bruises soon heal,—the dirt is washed off—and he again climbs on to the seat.

The “water wagon” is a very homely expression, open, however, to very serious consideration; no one knows anything about it except those who drink; good women know nothing about it—still they offer to *grease* the *axles*. It should also be remembered that the water wagon, as a rule, is drawn by a very slow team of horses. Coupés, cabs and other vehicles of a like description

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are generally drawn by spirited horses which travel fast. The water wagon, on the other hand, is “pulled” by two “old skates” which should be pensioned or bottled up in a small bottle of glue. What I mean is—the man on the wagon finds his time hangs heavily on his hands; there is nothing in life; no one likes him; no one talks to him; and when he passes another man on the street, who is also on the “water wagon”—although he may be a friend of his—they do not bow to each other.

Life is a funny thing and made up of many “water wagons”—but they all go slowly; none of them have a receptacle for the whip; the seat is built on an angle—and—sometimes you slide—off; the whip is too short to reach the poor, miserable animals you are driving—and—there you are. If you sit on the wagon long—sometimes the water gets

The Water Wagon

stale—is not fit to drink. Be temperate—don't be a total abstainer; don't let the water get stale; don't drink too much intoxicating liquor; be a man; be honest; be intelligent; think, and you will find that you can turn the tap and that it has not become rusted or corroded, and the water which comes from the tap will be pure.

Also remember that there never was a water wagon drawn by two poor “skates” of horses which was not all the time driving up-hill—and, at that—a five per cent. grade; roads muddy; horses unshod; lines weak; whip too short; axles ungreased; and everything rotten—believe me.



DOLLAR UMBRELLAS

"It never rains but it pours."

—OLD PROVERB.

This is a study. I have taken many lessons, and here I am—in the rain—wet. Why is it—that no one owns an umbrella? By this time everyone should have one, and I cannot imagine what becomes of them. Do manufacturers have agents who could explain their disappearance?

Surely, no one else would be so cheap—everyone cannot be dishonest—but, again, why is it?

A Scotchman was once asked by a companion for a match—the companion took the match which was kindly loaned, and then he discovered he had no tobacco—he, however, had a pipe—but the Scotchman, after removing his pipe from his mouth, remarked: "Then you

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will no need the match"—and took it back.

But surely more umbrellas have disappeared than is necessary to supply the whole of Scotland—where do they go to?

A friend of mine one rainy day found himself without an umbrella. Walking up the street he met a friend who was, so far as an umbrella was concerned, well supplied.

My friend looked at the umbrella and remarked that he was looking for his. This was enough—and the transfer was made—of course, it was not his. Whose was it?—I don't know—neither did my friend, nor his friend.

I wonder if this explains the dollar umbrella?

If we had to stand our good name like an umbrella in a rack or in a corner of a room, how long would we have it? I can only guess—I don't know.

Dollar Umbrellas

Many men are sent to jail for stealing a loaf of bread when the wife is sick—starving—and still the dollar umbrella belongs to any person who is too mean to buy his own.

Boys, be honest in small things—and you will never have any difficulty in finding the keyhole when you try to open the gates, the lock of which cannot be picked.

Most people think when they buy a dollar umbrella it is safe—nothing is safe with a dishonest man—nothing too cheap to steal—he is small himself, and likes to associate with small things.

He has not the courage to rob a bank—or to hold up a train—this is too big for him—he won't take a chance.

If I have to sit down to dinner with a thief, give me the train robber or a bank safe-breaker rather than the dollar umbrella thief!

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The former, at least, put their life and liberty in jeopardy and have brains—the latter have no brains, and why they need an umbrella—I don't know, for when it is up—there is nothing under it.

Think it out—be satisfied with what belongs to you—and if it rains, get wet, for in so doing you will at least become clean.

In ordinary language, an “umbrella” is a shade, a cover, a cloak. These definitions, however, really only apply to the man who “takes” the umbrella. A man who steals an umbrella requires all three.

I think the word “umbrella” (thief) originated from the word “umbre,” a bird which preys upon frogs and small fish, and which embellishes its nest with anything bright and glittering it can “pick up,”—or from “umbral,” meaning “shady.”

POLITICIANS

"I care not a fig for the cares of business;
Politics fill me with doubt and dizziness."

—ROBERT W. BUCHANAN: "*Hugh Sutherland's Pansies*."

A hide-bound man or a hide-bound politician is one of two things—either a man of little or no intelligence, or dishonest. If he be not intelligent, he should not vote at all, unless and until he has read and studied of and concerning the vital questions involved in the vote about to be cast. If dishonest—get honest. In the meantime—when you meet this class of men, keep your hands in your pockets and do not wear valuable jewelry. Of all the miserable, contemptible, unreliable and idiotic specimens of humanity—give me the man who votes Conservative or Liberal,

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Republican or Democrat, just because Adam, whom he “claims” as a relative of his, was once a Republican or a Conservative. These men should be disfranchised. Of what use is the vote to a man who does not know how to use it? The suffragette—thinks. These women are taking notice of things; of course, they are “raising Cain,” but unless “men” wake up, read, learn, use their brains, and vote intelligently—some day our trousers will be decorated with “frills.”

Party lines are comfortable for men who have no brains; they do not have to think; all they have to do is to decide whether they are Conservative or Liberal, Republican or Democrat, and then—the “machine” does the rest. The “machine” is their brains—all cogs and springs, but no reason or sense.

After all, our Province, Dominion or

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State is only a large company or partnership, and we are shareholders. What we call our Government, is, after all, only our board of directors, or—speaking more plainly, our agents appointed or elected to carry out our wishes concerning the welfare of our country, be it Province, Dominion or State. This, of course, cannot be contradicted. Then, does it not appear ridiculous that we do not do what we ought to do—what we would do in our own private business or company to which we belong—elect the best men available?

Small men, narrow men, cheap men, close men, ignorant men, and unintelligent men are no good for big things. Some people say, “Yes, he is close, but he is honorable; look at the success he has made of his own business.”

This is “rot.” Any man with ordin-

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ary brains who is "close" in money matters can accumulate a certain amount of money by not spending.

Let us get down to facts. Forget, when you go to the polls to cast your vote, that you are Democrat or Republican, Conservative or Liberal, Whig or Tory—use your brains—vote for the best man. How many men on this hemisphere can "class" a Whig or Tory? Very few—none.

Do not be a Republican if it means "standing pat" all the time; do not be a Democrat if it only means being a member of the opposition.

A good definition of these different terms for classes of ignorant or dishonest voters is given by one of our recognized encyclopedias:—"A Democrat is one who supports, or is in favor of, Democracy." This is good—clever—means nothing—that is what "it" is.

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In other words, these different terms mean “pro” and “con”—“for” or “against”—“in” or “out”—“Government” or “opposition.” This is rather amusing, but is true, nevertheless—as a matter of fact, the name “Republican Party” formerly applied to the political party in the United States now known as the Democratic Party—think it out—wake up! Thomas Jefferson was a good man—a clever man, but, apparently, since his time we have all been as sheep. Of course, we have been “sheared” many times, but we are still “bleating.”

It is interesting to note that the principles of the Republican Party were based on “opposition to the centralization of general government”—in other words, pro or con—for or against—in or out.

This is a great game, but can only

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be participated in by men of brains,—and the poor, ignorant and unintelligent man should, before he “plays the game,” find out what the “limit” is. Sometimes they play for “table stakes;” sometimes the game is “open;” but generally it is a game of “freeze out.” Do a little thinking—a lot of thinking—and—even if you overwork your brain for *one* night and your head aches, don’t worry—you will recover; and when you come to, you will probably be pleased to find that you have voted—once in your life—for an intelligent man.

Some men are hide-bound because they want something:—young barristers want judgeships; young physicians want to be appointed superintendents of asylums; some business men want to be appointed inspectors of timber; periodical strike leaders are also looking for

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notoriety;—and—some day they will get it, but when their names appear in the press, they will not be in the social column—nor will their good deeds be lauded in the editorial column. “Every dog has his day,”—be a “good dog.”

It is well to be able to talk and inspire a large gathering of unintelligent men, but it is better far to be able to say something convincing to a few intelligent men. Don't talk—unless you have something to say—and listen to everything. To separate the chaff from the wheat will be mental exercise of the most extreme value.



LIFE

"It is a pretty mocking of the life."

—SHAKESPEARE: "*Timon of Athens*," l., 1.

Summing up, then, my idea, as expressed in the preceding pages, constitutes "life."

"The living form as distinguished from a copy—the real person or state, as a picture taken from life."

In other words, no one "lives" who is not honest. Most people only exist;—don't exist, *live*. Be honest, first to others, then to yourself—do good to others—be good to yourself—give what you can—do without things yourself—say nice things about your friends and everyone, or—don't talk—*listen*.

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Remember that the same medicine will not cure the same ailments in all people. Take stock — of yourself — every month or two. Don't make false entries, and don't erase. Strike a true balance; look over and find discrepancies—in yourself. "Live" and you will be happy. Do not worry about your station in life; you are here to fill the position you occupy. Be a true workman; earn your existence; see that you get what is coming to you—out of life—the pay is poor even then—a long list of worries on one side and a few legitimate pleasures on the other.



Don't wear a wig because you are bald, because most men who wear wigs have nothing under them. If your hair goes,—you get even with the barber. Cultivate and exercise your brains—

Life

you are real, and live without hair; under a wig you must be—and are a delusion.



Don't act off the stage except in a rehearsal. Exercise is necessary to develop every muscle of the body—the same with the brain. You never know how good it is until you use it—get busy—think—do good—be good—“live.”



AS TO LIQUOR

"O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

SHAKESPEARE: "*Othello*," II., 3.

Do not preach temperance, be temperate. The Siwash, with bright exceptions, has very little intelligence, is weak morally, and has but little will-power. Why?

Bring in prohibition—carry it out rigidly—enforce the law and see that no one takes intoxicating liquors of any description, and before two centuries have passed, we will all be Siwashes. Take away all our temptations, and in two centuries we will be morally unfit for anything. Temptations create strength, morally and physically.



Stealing is a bad habit; being intemperate is worse. If our Governments

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can legislate and bring about a state of affairs which would render it unnecessary for any one to steal, conditions would be almost perfect, but we would not have any mind of our own.

It is peculiar, but true, that when women "fall" they sink lower than any man could possibly sink, even if he should endeavor to try how low he could sink. Why? Because women, on account of their environment, do not, as a rule, meet with many temptations. They always have someone to think for them, either father, brother or husband.



Will-power might be likened unto any muscle of the body: the more often it is used, the stronger it becomes, and, of course, when it is not used at all, there is no will-power,—that is, there may be *will*, but there is no *power* behind it. The more temptations a man overcomes,

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the stronger he becomes—many women are weak morally, and have little will-power. The women to whom I have made reference before, belonging to the “unfortunate” class, are women of the strongest moral natures a man can meet. Their will-power has been tested, unfortunately in some cases, beyond endurance, but in some cases they have not been found wanting.

The “drinking habit” is, of course, bad, but it is only one of our temptations;—stealing is another; love of money is another; love of dress is another; love of automobiles is still another. Resistance of these go together to make up strength of character in a man.



Do not force your opinions on other people simply because you think you are too weak yourself to stand temptations

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such as the drinking habit is; do not tell your neighbor, who is strong and healthy and a man of intelligence and will-power, that he must not take a drink when he wants it. Don't be foolish; have a little sense; get out and drink yourself, and if you are physically and morally unfit to overcome the habit, have some kind friend lock you up,—that is where you belong.



Unfortunately the brainy men are in the minority, and sometimes they have to subject themselves to ridiculous criticism from men who have no brains and no experience. Concerning the few men who honestly and intelligently think that intoxicating liquors should not be sold or traded in any way, we must admit that they are not only honest, but are endeavoring to bring about a state of affairs which, according to their hon-

As to Liquor

est belief, is correct. These people, however, are very few and far between, but let us give them credit for what they think is right.



Remember, after all, that this is a serious article, and that experience is everything. Want of experience forms the stumbling-block for many well-meaning, honest women. We respect their views because we know that they are honest in their intentions, but good women should give a little credit to a good man who has not always been good.

Do not think you know it all. The other fellow sometimes knows something—not very much, as a rule,—but something. Find out what he knows; add it to what you know, or think you know, and remember, “Every little bit added to what you’ve got, makes just a little bit more.”

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